California and Other Poems

—Lydia F. Angney

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CALIFORNIA

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

LYDIA F. ANGNEY

GILROY, CALIFORNIA

1900

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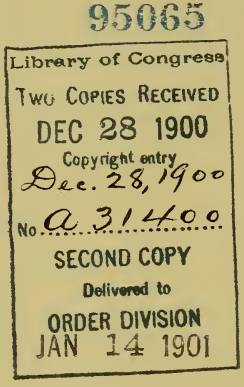

Press of A. C. Eaton,
San Jose, California.

TO JUDGE L. ARCHER:

Who proved himself a true friend to my husband, W. Z. Angney, and who has, during my long widowhood, been kind and thoughtful of me, these heart melodies are respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

GREETING.

When the rosy morning broke
O'er the sleeping earth,
From the temple of the soul
Poesy leaped forth;
Poesy the heavenly maid
Born of light and love;
Making earth her dwelling place,
Heavenly good to prove.

Thus she wanders up and down
Mountains, and o'er moor;
Where the gentle breezes blows:
Where the tempests roar;
In lowly cot, in regal hall,
O'er lightsome heart, and sad,
She stretches forth her magic wand,
And lo, that heart is glad.

Give friendly greetings! Comes she not,
A messenger of love?
The inner soul to educate,
The higher thoughts to move?
To bring them forward, one by one,
Till marshalled in a line,
The herald of a rhapsody,
Melodious and sublime

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"CALIFORNIA"

CALIFORNIA.

(Written in the winter of 1876.)

My countrymen! I call you all mine own!
Since in this favored clime we make our home;
And watch together in her fitful mood,
If evil be the harbinger or good;
Together mark the first glad signs of rain,
When ploughmen wait more moisture for the grain;
Or when the frost has nipped the tender bloom
Invoke the sunshine and the airs of June.

Together we behold the healthful stride,
Our glorious land attempts on every side;
Together we enjoy the blessing rare,
Scattered by Providence with kindly care;
And here, perchance, beneath these sunny skies
Together we may dwell, 'till o'er our eyes
The sunlight falls no more: then dying bless
The land by fortune favored and caressed.

Proud Californians! is there not a band,
A cord, a something linking hand to hand,
Of all the seekers for the sparkling ore,
Who've shared the miner's cot, the miner's store?
Chased golden phantoms throughout gulch and glen
Delved in the ditch, the river-bed and fen,

Stumbled perhaps, on thousands in a day ;
And thousands squandered in an hour away?

Yes, there is something in a life so strange,
A sympathy, it may be, with the name
Which miners seem to feel, and when they meet
They offer hands and like old comrades greet ;
Recount their lucky days, the evil too
Are then reviewed, and without much ado ;
Like true philosophers, they barb the shaft
Of disappointment with a hearty laugh.

And thus, they come and go in this fair land,
Sifting and shifting like the hills of sand
Where'er the winds may blow ; and cities rise,
And blooming fields and gardens greet our eyes
Where all was stern and bare; and children dear
In every nook and corner now appear :—
For woman's smile illuminates each glade
Where man is wandering, or a home is made.

Traverse the mountain ranges far and near,
Up to the heights where snow-capped heads appear,
And there'll be found, when daylight fades away
The fire of home to tempt the traveler's stay :
And sheltered 'neath the everlasting snow
He'll sleep as sweetly as in vales below ;
Where gentle breezes wake the murmuring streams
Soothing to slumber, and invoking dreams.

Go down into the gulch's profoundest shade,
Where morning sunbeams never yet have strayed,
Follow the passage of the winding stream
Round crags and roots, and hanging rocks between:
Then stop at once and gaze in mute surprise;
For even there domestic scenes arise;
And mellow voices mingle with the lay
The wild birds warble, and as blithe as they.

Then wander far into the forest deep,
Where broken sunlight plays all day bopeep;
Where darkness settles down so soon, they say
It measures almost twice the night to day;
Into the shades go forward without fear,
The woodman's ax shall soon salute your ear;
Where grand old firs which have withstood the din
And rage of many tempests, yield to him.

Yet tarry not his honest ax to stay
Though he may hail you in a cordial way;
Be pleased to enter on a friendly chat,
No matter what the subject, this or that;
But pass him by, and just beyond decern
A well-worn pathway, into which you turn,
And yonder look into a sunny glade;
Then ask your heart for whom that home was made.

And now I'll take you to the scorching plain,
Where long, long summer passes without rain;
Where nature writhes and burns with fever deep,

And skies look on, but never, never weep;
Where minor rivers waste away unfed,
Sinking at last beneath their sandy bed;
And wandering herds that can no more defy
The thirst and hunger, lay them down to die.

Yes, here I'll take you, and forsooth you'll say,
In such a waste as THIS man ne'er will stay;
No chance for vegetation can appear:
No green oasis greet the traveller here:
Nothing is here to tempt the heart or hand
To make a habitition in this land;
And yet while speaking, looking here and there,
The curling smoke floats upward through the air.

And following thitherward o'er burning sand,
Your brow is soon by fresher breezes fanned;
And by and by, to greet you with surprise
A hamlet seems out from the sands to rise;
A hamlet young in years, in truth, may be,
But old in many ways, as you will see;
A village full of motion, full of noise,
Of maids and matrons, and of men and boys.

Enter yourself, my pen would scarcely dare
Paint half the doings you might witness there;—
Sufficient let it be for me to say
There might be things unsuited to my lay;
So I will leave, and be you so inclined
Enter yourself and satisfy your mind;

Study the whole as you may deem it best;
This one is but a sample of the rest.

But let me tell you e'er I leave you here,
I cannot name a place so waste and sere,
But man would brave, and woman would endure
All evil haps, a venture to secure;
A claim, perhaps, in some fictitious mine;
A garden plat for apples or the vine;
A house for lodgers, or for making clean
The outer man, what e'er might be within.

Nor is there known a place so cold and bleak
But it might tempt the eager wanderer's feet;
Could he but hope some rich reward to gain
Winter might shake his shaggy locks in vain;
Send all his demons forth to dismal fray,
Disputing every step along the way;
But still undaunted, he would onward pass,
And from his eyrie sound the signal blast.

Go, touch Sierra on his brow of snow!
Bid him survey the hills and vales below,
And tell you if in all the region round
There be a place, that man has never found!
And if there be, bid him but speak the word,
And hopeful hearts are in a moment stirred;
Before the same revibrates o'er the land
A throng go forward, as by some command.

Go forth, perhaps, to battle with much sin,
From foes without and enemies within;
And fortune may, with other things unite
To rob hope's cheering beams of half its light;
But when the day-god from the scene retires,
And evening dots the place with many fires,
The mingled sounds of laughter and of song
Shall wake the wilds with echoes loud and long.

In time so short I scarcely dare proclaim
A town has risen, bearing some quaint name;
A busy town, demanding as its due
A share of patronage and notice too;
And when connected by electric wires
To places far away, she more aspires;
A way for transportation is the song;
'Till the steam horses drag the cars along.

O'er dreary plains, through valleys fresh and green,
Through mountain tunnels, craggy rocks between,
Spanning the rivers, ploughing through the snow,
Puffing and snorting madly on they go,
Bearing their freight of life and industry
Hither and thither, as the case may be;
Nature developing along the line;
A farm-house here, and there a friendly sign.

As it has been, so it perchance, will be
A few more years, before our people see
Fortunes by luck come only to the few;

And those who make their own, ever pursue
Some steady course, some purpose understood
For special benefit, or public good;
No matter what the calling, if we show
Skill and attention, it will surely grow.

That restless spirit, born of forty-nine
And expectation great, must sure decline;
And our broad plains shall thus divided be;
And homes be found where naught but waste we see;
Then will the slumbering forces wake from sleep,
And industry will take an onward sweep;
And the whole country be alive and gay
From the far hill-tops to Francisco Bay.

My vision closing to the present scenes,
Not far before the glorious future beams,
With all that wealth and beauty can command;
The country populous, the cities grand;
Commerce matured, to manhood fully grown;
And manufacturies marching boldy on;
Together working, fortune from that hour
To California gives the rod of power.

Behold she rises in the scales of state,
Fearless in bearing, eminently great;
Holding a force within herself alone
To any sister state before unknown;
And which to equalize the fates declare,
The Nation's Capital shall move somewhere

Mid-way between the East and West to stand;
A noble structure, and superbly grand.

Her halls of learning great and good appear,
Improving and increasing year by year;
Wherein the sciences are freely taught,
And well expounded by the aid of thought
And new inventions: 'till the lofty dome
On Hamilton's fair brow, a worthy home,
Allures Urania from those bowers divine
To dwell therein, a guide for earnest mind.

Among her children, here and there a name
Shall be recorded on the scrolls of fame;
In golden letters which shall not decay
When centuries have rolled their years away;
Others shall raise the monumental stone
Of worthy deeds and purposes alone;
So that wise men in every state and age,
Shall deem them worthy of historic page.

Each day developing some mighty cause,
Construing problems, investigating laws,
Tracing the comets as they onward fly;
Numbering the distant worlds as they go by;
Diving beneath old ocean's briny wave,
Gathering the treasures of the coral cave;
'Till mystery gives up the secret key,
And opes the doors of nature, wide and free.

Brighter and brighter o'er my mental dreams
The halo from the far-off future beams;
And in my soul such glorious raptures dwell
My muse is dumb for lack of power to tell:—
But if you'll peep into the distant sky,
Perhaps you'll catch a glimpse, as well as I,
Of California in her future state;
A queen among the nations, good and great.

LAS UVAS.

Thou pleasant vale! O, valley green!
Through which the Uvas gently runs;
In years agone, thy skies, I ween
Were bright as any 'neath the sun;
And bright the flowers that ever smiled
To cheer the traveler on his way;
And soft the murmurs that beguiled
The hours alike, of night and day.

The dark-eyed maiden wandered down
Thy sunny slopes, in pensive mind;
Or half inclined upon the ground
Thus listening to the whispering wind;
Or this, perchance, a lover bold
She waited where the waters met;
The same sweet tale was ever told;
The same sweet tale they're telling yet.

But who would roll the seasons back,
And bring those listless hours again?
'Tis well, we move in progress tract,
And little of old days remain,
Save in the minds of those who dwelt
In Uvas valley, long ago,
Who wandered by the stream, and felt
The music of its dreamy flow.

The same pure waters ripple still,
  Down through the hills, toward the sea;
But strangers come the soil to till;
  And all is thrift and industry;
Where once the tangled coppice grew,
  The growing orchards now are seen;
And vineyards old, and vineyards new
  Are traced in squares of lovely green.

The old dream-life has passed away:—
  And now, fair vale! the time is near,
When thou, the crown shalt wear, for aye,
  The vintage queen, from year to year;
And all the world shall know thy name;
  For products rare shall come to thee;
Writing upon the scrolls of fame
  LAS UVAS; such thy destiny.

CALIFORNIA IDYL.

The sober autumn days were near,
  The chilly nights were coming;
I heard the piping of the winds;
  The beetle's drowsy humming.

Across the fields in idleness
  I wandered, without thinking;
Until I neared a little stream
  Where neighboring flocks were drinking.

And looking up as from a dream,
  A thoughtful spell came o'er me;
For there a winsome maiden stood
  Tending the flocks before me.

I could not turn; how could I go
  Withont one word of greeting?
When fortune kind, had sent me there
  On purpose for the meeting.

And so I stood and studied o'er
  Some pretext, to address her;
The more I thought, the more I felt
  A yearning to possess her.

She saw me hesitating stand;—
  Sweet child! so little knowing;

And came at once. Kind Sir! she said
Which way would you be going?

I tend my Father's flocks, you see,
All through the summer weather;
And thus we wander up and down
The hills and dales together.

There's not a trail or winding path
From out the valley leading,
I have not followed many times
While I my flocks am feeding.

But when she saw the earnest look
I could not help bestowing;
She left me like a startled fawn,
To find my way for going.

Cupid had so ensnared my heart,
I could not bide the turning;
And thus I followed down the stream,
That more I might be learning.

And more indeed, I learned that night;
Something well worth the telling;
Her father was my father's friend;
And close by was his dwelling.

But need I more disclosures make?
Our hearts together blended.
And you may guess, if guess you can,
Just how the matter ended.

THE STORM KING

The following poem was written by Mrs. L. F. Angney of Gilroy during the great storm of 1862, when the fair face of California was temporarily disfigured by the Storm King. As 1889 bears a striking similarity to 1862 in its precipitation of rain, it will make the republication of the ode to the "Storm King" appropriate reading at the present time.

THE STORM KING.

Written during the great storm of 1862.

Hark! the bridegoom is coming
He claims a mate!
Bring forth my bridal garments
He must not wait.
The glittering crown is ready,
To deck my brow,—
Ope' the gate for my love,
I'm ready now!

Hear, how his chariot thunders
Down the mountain side!
Does he not come in grandeur,
To seek his bride?
Oh! to be bride of the Storm King
So great so grand!
To ride with him in his fury,
All over the land!

Away to the frozen empire,
Where the snow and ice
Shall pile up the mountains of splendor;
Is it not nice?
Then with a sweep o'er the ocean
Away we will go
Down to the torred regions,
Where the hurricanes blow;
Back through the leafless forest,
Across the moor,
We'll rush round the lonely cottage
And rattle the door;
Scream in the maiden's ear
As she waits to behold,
Coming from out the gloaming
Her lover bold.
Then off to the crowded city,
Along the street,
We'll ride in our car of thunder
And scatter the sleet;
Out through the courts and alleys
With hideous yell,
We'll frighten the inmates of garrets
And lowly cell.
Maddening the fiends of the ocean
Till waters shall leap
Covering the glories of nations
With ruin deep;

And poverty shall look on the ravage
In sad dismay,
Then hug up his tattered garments
And turn away.

And this may restore the good spirit
By avarice slain;
May call back the tide of feeling
To life again;
'Twill teach us how frail are our efforts
Compared with His power;
And man must look upward for succor
When the dark clouds lower.

A GRAND FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

The Grangers of Gilroy, with their families and a large circle of friends, enjoyed the Fourth of July by participating in a feast, comprising all the good things of the season. Among the intellectual pleasures and social enjoyments, the following beautiful and appropriate poem was composed for the occasion by a lady Granger, and read by the worthy Lecturer:

Awake my soul! awake my lyre, awake!
Green hills, and blooming dales my notes prolong!
For love of freedom minstrelsy should make
This day replete with melody and song.

Then ring, ye bells! ring for your country, ring!
Behold Columbia's ninety-nine to-day;
And happy songsters! sing for gladness, sing
Till echoe answers echo far away.

Co-workers, wake! and utter grateful praise
To Him who rules the universe on high;
Who gives us life and love and length of days,
And guards us ever with parental eye;

Through the green valleys guides the winding streams;
Scatters refreshing dewdrops o'er the earth;
Moderates the fierceness of the noonday beams,
And calls each tiny blossom into birth.

Who has perserved us well through many years,
Though foes without, and enemies within
Have tampered with our virtues, till we fear
Prosperity, decay; when vices win.

But let us work for that which seemeth good;
Work with a will, for measures just and strong;
Guard well the TRUST, for which our fathers stood
And battled for, through many years and long.

Was it for GOLD those heroes took the field?
For love of GOLD were battles fought and won?
To the great soul of him, I must appeal,
Who led our forces, glorious Washington!

Ah, they were great! and sons of noble sires;
'Tis well we should recall their deeds, so brave!
Lest Freedom's spirit smoulder and expire,
Without one torch to light her to the grave.

Oh! that the muses might inspire my pen
To stay the ebbing of our Country's pride!
To raise her sinking standard up again,
And plant it firmly on the mountains side.

Behold! Columbia stands with outstretched arms,
Praying her sons her honor to maintain:
Each passing year, increases her alarms;
And can it be, she pleads with us in vain?

Come forth, ye Grangers! workers of the land!
To you she's turning, that she may be free;

Assume the championship with sturdy hand,
And lead the way to glorious victory.

Redeem her honor! raise her standard high,
And let it wave as proudly as of yore;
So firmly planted, that it may defy
All stormy weather, now and evermore.

Then shall prosperity our ways attend,
Strengthen our hopes, and chase away our fears;
Enchantments to our various efforts lend,
As round and round time whirls the wheel of years.

And then the cheery notes of winsome spring,
The glowing beams of summer, in her pride,
O'er lovely Flora shall their influence fling,
To animate her kingdom, far and wide.

Autumn shall come, and Ceres shall proclaim
Her many garners full of ripened corn;
And glad Pomona in her realm shall reign,
Queen of the vintage, and the soul of song.

But when the trembling leaves have fluttered down,
The merry face of winter shall appear;
With frozen dewdrops sparkling in his crown;
Bringing more holidays than all the year.

And thus the seasons, as they come and go,
Shall give us hours of labor and of ease;
Fortune her many favors shall bestow
With liberal hand, to cherish and to please.

Now let us cheer Columbia's heart once more;
And bid her hope, her honor to maintain;
Or shall we still, her pleadings all ignore,
And sink with her, in slavery and in shame?

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

In a lovely valley where bright waters strayed,
Rippling in the sunshine, wandering through the shade,
There fell a heavenly music upon the ambient air;
"The earth is very beautiful, and God is everywhere."

Through a green bough flitting, drooping o'er the stream,
In her happy freedom, sang the woodland queen;
"I will sound the sacred praise, and with my voice declare,
The earth is very beautiful, and God is everywhere."

In the arch of heaven, beautiful and bright
All the stars that twinkle on the brow of night,
Tell the same old story, and with one voice declare,
"The earth is very beautiful, and God is everywhere."

From the pleasant valley, from the wild-wood bower;
At the busy noontide, at the midnight hour,
One soft, sweet chorus soundeth, is echoed through the air,
"The earth is very beautiful, and God is everywhere."

SABBATH EVENING.

Before me stretch the fields of grain
  Tinged with the golden yellow;
Behind the setting sun goes down
  'Mid fleecy clouds, and mellow.

The herds are slowly coming in;
  The swallow homeward flying;
And nature with a thousand tongues
  Declare the day is dying.

One little star alone appears,
  And silent watch is keeping;
Like careful mother o'er the couch,
  Of tender childhood sleeping.

And now the mellow rays of light
  The hills no longer cover;
And lo! the heralds of the night
  Proclaim the day is over.

Dim and confused the distant view;
  Darkness o'er all is creeping;
And soon the busy hum of life
  Will all be hushed, andsleeping.

From his rude hiding place, the owl
Comes forth to greet the even;
And fairies light their little lamps
Right in the face of heaven.

Alone, I watch the worlds afar,
Their courses onward steering,
And question if they may not be,
The heavens to which we're nearing.

Perhaps yon star, which even now
With such bright light is glowing,
May be a mansion in the skies
Whither my soul is going.

And as mine eyes take in the light
That twinkles through the portals
Upward I mount on wings of night,
Scanning the realms immortal.

And passing on through upper space,
Where countless stars are gleaming;
I lose all worldliness, and pride,
So very small I'm seeming.

But ah! the solemn hush of night
Has slowly settled round me;
Backward I turn to real life,
Breaking the chains which bound me.

IN MEMORIAM.

Where my companion sleepeth
The morning sunbeams creepeth;
The dewdrops glow and glisten;
The zephers seem to listen:
While the robin, on the oak tree over head,
Chants a dirge, low and softly for the dead.

And when the shadow falleth
Straight down, and noonday calleth
Her children to rest for an hour,
In field, in cottage and bower,
The warm bright sun a careful vigil keepeth,
Over the place where my companion sleepeth.

When the busy day is gone,
And the evening cometh on,
The evening so balmy and still;
In thought I rove where I will;
And down in the graveyard I am weeping;
All night long, while the world is still and sleeping.

He was my only treasure,
Filling my earthly measure
With love so full and flowing,
I did not note his going;
Or I did not wish to know that he must tread
So soon the path leading down to the dead.

One night, but not to grieve me,
They told me, he must leave me;
The raging winds were blowing;
His breath was shorter growing;
And before another day he would be dead;
Before another day and night had fled.

Oh, how my head was aching!
My heart was breaking, breaking;
I knew I'd not the power,
To stay the dreaded hour:
And I sat like one benumbed beside his bed;
Sat and thought of nothing but the dead.

The golden bowl is broken;
The love so often spoken
Is all that's left to cheer me;
Though oft I feel him hear me;
And I know he will await me on the shore;
Await me till the boatman takes me o'er.

And in those realms of glory
I will hear a sweeter story;
Sweeter because in heaven
A purer love is given;
And every hope will bud and blossom there;
And every joy will live forever there.

IN THE SILENCE.

Down into the valley of silence
I went with my soul one night,
The stillness was heavy with darkness;
I saw not one glimmer of light;
The past and the present forgotten;
On the wing of a thought I hung;
And this was the prayer that went upward,
My Father! let thy will be done.

I rested my soul on the promise;
The promise of true love divine;
And here in the valley of silence
I waited alone for the sign:
It came like a flash from the heavens,
Like a pure and holy ray;
The valley was flooded with glory;
The darkness was driven away.

The brightness was falling around me,
The depths of the valley to reach,
And I paused in the stillness to listen;
Whatever the stillness might teach;
Like the sound of a tinkling cymbal,
Like a tune which can never grow old,
Came the still small voice of the silence
Resounding throughout the whole.

Oh, Soul! to thy soul be united;
Oh, Heart! to thy heart beat again;
Oh, Love! to thy love be replighted;
And Hope! to thy hope say amen;
As high as the heavens above you,
As deep as the darkness below,
Are the ways which leadeth to wisdom;
The wisdom TRUTH only, can know.

LOVE LIVES REFINED ABOVE.

Dear heart, why all this sighing?
Bright eyes, why do ye weep?
Sweet hope, why art thou dying?
Happiness, why so fleet?

It sighs for lack of loving;
They weep for want of love;
Hope almost dies in proving,
Love lives refined above.

But not when mirth and gladness
Are falling on the ears,
Do sad hearts yield to sadness,
And bright eyes fill with tears.

But when there comes cessation
To busy life around;
So empty seems creation
From very lack of sound;

The lone heart feels it sorrow;
And bright eyes fill with tears;
And hope can scarcely borrow
One ray for future years.

But is it worth the telling?
When hope away has flown,
And empty seems the dwelling,
The lone heart feels so lone;

We sigh for lack of loving,
We weep for want of love,
Hope almost dies in proving
Love lives refined above?

LULU.

Sitting at the window,
Twilight deepening fast,
Memory's busy fingers
Turning o'er the past;
There a little maiden,
Nightly may be seen;
Golden tresses flowing;
Robes of lovely green.

Is it thus she ponders
O'er departing day?
Hoping is delusive;
Joys will never stay;
All the mornings promise
So pleasing and so fair,
Have passed beyond my knowing
Oh, twilight! tell me where!

Lulu? gentle Lulu!
Question not the night;
Daylight ends in darkness;
And darkness ends in light;
Let the deepning shadows
Unheeded round you fall;
For there is one bright morning
Coming for us all.

VAGARIES.

Strlng a rhyme of pleasant things
Such as may be given;
Set an ideal ladder up,
And on it enter heaven;
Climb the rungs with fearless tread,
Though there may be more
Than you thought, to reach the height
You ne're climbed before.

Gather up the fleecy clouds,
Where the blue is brightest,
Make of them a bridal robe,
Softest, purest, whitest;
Let it from your shoulders fall,
Loose and amply flowing;
That the angels of the air
May know where you're going.

Take the rainbow from the east,
Where the colors vieing,
To excel each other, look
Just hung out for drying;
Drape it gracefully around
All your robe adorning;
Pin it with a brilliant gem,
Like the star of morning.

From the sunset, bring a cloud
Where the last ray lingers,
Form of it a coronet,
With your nimble fingers;
In the center, gleaming bright,
Place the star of even,
Let it sparkle on your brow
When you enter heaven.

For your sandals, take the shine
From the flowing river;
Get it from the brightest place,
Where the moon-beams quiver;
Fasten them with buckles made
From the streams of fire,
Drawn from out the thunder cloud
When it looks most dire.

Orion perhaps, will lend
His girdle, bright and shining
To confine your flowing robe,
While you're upward winding;
And the stars will twinkle so
As you tread the air,
You will need no other lights,
Save the one's you bear.

But there are of gems beside
These already given,
Faith and Hope, and Love divine;
Brightest stars in heaven:
These should gild the inner self
With a light supernal,
If you'd win a radiant smile
From the Great Eternal.

WILLIE AND ANNIE.

Willie loved Annie, and Annie loved Willie;
In the glad sweet springtime of long ago;
Beautiful children playing together,
Dreaming of happiness, never of woe.

She was a bonny lass, witty and pretty,
And he a good lad, so honest and true;
All through the spring-time they rambled, and rambled,
For pebbles and posies, and grew, and grew.

Daisies and buttercups bloomed by the wayside,
Soft budding breezes, and gentle their blow;
Swallows and sparrows, and cherry young voices
Made glad the spring-time in the long ago.

Then came the sunny days, mellow and yellow,
The sweet blushing roses peeped over the wall;
The beautiful spring-time was passing forever;
And Willie and Annie were growing so tall!

The cooing of doves came out from the bushes;
The humming of insects fell soft on the ear;
And apple trees shook down their pink and white blossoms,
Telling us plainly that summer was near.

Then the warm breezes swept over the lakelet,
Which nestled so still in the valley below,
Stealing the fragrance of bonny white lilies,
Which bloomed in the spring-time of long, long ago.

Willie and Annie had wandered together,
All through the glad months of April and May;
Now the bright summer was stretching before them,
Down through the valley for miles far away.

They paused for a moment, to look, and to ponder;
To look to the future, to think of the past;
And the future seemed bright only shared with each other,
And so hand in hand they went on to the last.

Now, if you'ld find them, I'll tell you they're sleeping
Down in the valley, where fresh breezes blow;
Daisies and buttercups bloom, as they blossomed
In the glad spring-time, so long, long ago.

But the sleepers awake not to greet them;
Swallows and sparrows may twitter in vain;
Spring-time and showers, summer and flowers
May gladden earth's children, but they will remain.

Till the season returneth; when the innermost quickens;
Then like to new buds shall their spirits unfold,
And Willie and Annie shall wander together;
Love again as they loved in the days of old.

THE BELLS OF CHILDHOOD HOURS.

Can I forget my childhood home,
Or cease to hold it kindly;
Because for long, long years I've roamed,
Since it was left behind me?

Can I forget the dim old woods,
Through which I took my rambles,
The grand old pines. the underwood,
The berries and the brambles?

Can I forget the shady glen
Down which so oft I wandered;
The hush which crept o'er nature, when
In cool retreats I pondered?

Can I forget the happy dreams
Those quiet nooks engendered;
Though Time has rolled his cares between
And other pastime rendered?

Can I forget the playmates dear
Who shared my simple pleasures;
Who wondered with me far and near,
In quest of woodland treasures?

Can I forget my little loves,
The pinks and plums they brought me,
Though other friends and other loves
In other lands have sought me?

And there was one, though resting now
Where summer winds are sweeping,
Who softly bathed my aching brow,
And soothed me into sleeping.

Who never tired or weary seemed,
Though watching months together;
Whose eyes for me with kindness beamed;
Can I forget her? Never.

Forbid it, heaven, that I should prove
Recreant to things so holy;
Could I forget what shared my love
When flowed life's stream so lowly?

No, no! deep in my heart I feel
Sweet memory's magic powers;
And o'er times distant billows peal
The Bells of Childhood Hours.

WHAT IS LOVE?

And what is love? a pure white flame?
Emblem of that mysterious name
Proclaimed all wonderful below;
The pure in heart alone may know;
As 'tis below, it is above,
For love is God, and God is love.

A pure white flame, a living fire,
From selfish taint, from low desire
Forever free, thus to remain;
Thrice blessed is he who may obtain
One spark from this eternal flame;
One letter from the mystic name.

No sordid tongue can speak the word,
By which the heavenly hosts are stirred:
No sordid heart can ever know,
Or feel the rapture of that glow,
In love divine there lies concealed
A power, alone by love revealed.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Through the pearly gate of Morning
Tripped a maiden young and bright
Dimpled hands, and dimpled features;
Nature's blossom, pink and white;—
Looked she far adown the valley
Where the sunbeams falling through
Maple boughs and willow branches,
Flecked the scene, with rain-bow hue.

Flowers were blooming all around her;
Sweet wild blooms in shines and shade,
But her gaze was stretching outward,
Where the broken sunbeams played:
Where the flecks of light were dancing,
Shifting, changing there and here;
And she longed to reach the valley
Heeding not the beauties near.

Higher, higher, "Sol" was climbing;
Pearly dew drops fled away;
And beyond the winsome valley,
Green fields bright before her lay;
Still she tripped so lightly onward;
Scarcely touching flower or grass,
Till her limbs began to tire,
Then she cries, alas! alas!

Stood she still, and looking backward,
She could not return again.
Lo! the vale was far behind her,
And before the scorching plain,
She could not retrace her footsteps
Now her limbs were tired and sore;
She must follow down the pathway
Whither went it, evermore.

Changeful now are all the prospects;
Dimpled cheeks have lost their bloom;
Hopes so bright in early morning
Now are buried in the tomb.
And the Sun is sliding downward,
Downward to the hour of rest;
Happy maiden; weary woman,
Tired hand folded on the breast.

RAMBLING.

In the freshness of morning I wandered
Mid flowers bespangled with dew;
And in each crystal cup there was mirrored
A little world, fairy to view;
And I said, O, my soul! be thou ever,
Like nature, reflecting and true.

The birds sang their songs to the hours;
The rills murmured softly and sweet;
The little winds crept o'er the hill tops;
And then was the chorus complete;
And I said, O, my soul! be thou ever
With melody filled, and as sweet.

The trees shook their heads as I wandered,
And down fell the fruitage so fair;
Till nature's great lap was o'er-flowing
With various productions, and rare,
And I said, O, my soul! learn this lesson,
To scatter with liberal care.

I saw but the beauties around me;
I heard but the melodies sweet;
I knew not the way would be changeful,
The green path grow rough to my feet;
For how can we know in the morning,
The fervor of noonday heat?

My heart throbbed with exquisite pleasure,
The joys of existance to know;
And filled to the brim seemed each measure
Vouchsafe to us mortals below;
For surely, we dream not of sorrow
Till we've drank from the cup of woe.

But out on the road I was going,
E're the flush of the morning had flown,
I found there were losses and crosses,
And stumbling and rolling stones;
And many a burden of sorrow
That each one must carry alone.

My spirit was trembling within me;
I saw that the human was weak;
And down on my knees, before heaven,
I prayed for the armor complete;
The grace that would keep me and save me,
Though the pit-falls were never so deep.

Thus, onward and upward I'm plodding,
While time brings its joy and dismay;
But ever, and ever I'm looking
To the gates of eternal day;
And I know when I enter the portals,
All sorrows will vanish away.

I CARE NOT IF MY BARK MAY GLIDE.

I care not if my bark may glide
Slowly or swiftly down the tide;
I only know that I shall be
Somewhere in God's immensity;
And where He bids me, I must go;
And this is all I now may know.

But God, to me, is love supreme,
Expressed through all, but never seen;
In marble hall or humble cot,
There is no place where God is not;—
But sometimes we, through self-love place
A double veil about His face.

And when by Satan thus beguiled,
Refusing to be reconciled,
With minds obscure, and dreamy eyes
We seek in vain for Paradise;
While close beside the walls we wait,
For other hands to ope the gate.

The law divine is pure and good;
Scarcely by mortals understood;
Because our spirit eyes are dimmed;
Our midnight lamps are never trimmed;
Our oil is out; we hear the cry;
And then make haste to beg or buy.

While we are gone, the doors close;
Again in selfhood we repose;
With one more shadow on the soul;
With one more thickness to the fold;
With one more doubt to clear away:
With one more night to watch and pray.

How long my brethren shall we sleep!
And like the foolish virgins keep
Our lamps untrimmed? Behold the hour!
The watchman cryeth from the tower;
The Bridegroom cometh ere the morn!
Be ready with your garments on!

HOW CAN WE THINK?

How can we think our education finished
When the few years of this frail life is o'er?
As we go forth will the beyond diminish,
And hold for us no new thing to explore?

And what are all these shining lights in heaven?
If they're not worlds where we may hope to dwell;
After we've learned the needful lessons given
To fit us for these spheres! Ah! who can tell?

Dare we to think the great Law given, faileth
In one iota of the heaven-born place?
Though sin and sorrow seemingly prevaileth
Thinkest thou they can destroy the God in man?

The God in man must surely live forever
But not the temple, which must pass away,
Yet in each dwelling some new truth may gather,
To lift life higher and to clear the way.

So onward we must pass, waking or sleeping;
And in each mansion growing more divine;
Until the real harvest in God's keeping,
Is ripened well, and garnered for alltime.

FARMER GRAY.

In memory of the old home.

In the country far away,
Lived a farmer, bright and gay;
He had lived there many a day;
He had come, for so 'twas told,
With a heart both kind and bold
In the wilds woods there to stay.

There he cleared a little spot;
Built a little barn and cot;
Wed a wife to share his lot,
For he thought the saying true:
One was not so good as two
To settle in a lonely spot.

Seasons past, and changes came,
But we will not think it strange;
For they worked with might and main,
And the wilderness was doomed.
Soon the garden roses bloomed
'Neath the sunshine and the rain.

And as time turned o'er and o'er,
So increased their worldly store;
Little prattlers round the door
Till they reached the number seven;
All the way from one to eleven;
Blessings sent to cheer the poor.

Then the neighbors all around,
Said their happiness was crowned;
Better children ne'er were found;
Happy hearted boys and girls,
Laughing eyes and flowing curls;
They were favorites all around.

But 'twas true that Farmer Gray
And his wife worked every day;
All the year without delay.
For the plates were three times three,
Filled three times a day, you see,
So they had no time for play.

Yet it could not be denied
But their board was well supplied;
Though it was both long and wide;
And the biscuits, lightly browned,
Nowhere quite so nice were found;
So the people did decide.

And well they knew, for scarce a day
But some neighbor passed that way,
And took a meal with Farmer Gray.
He was such a liberal man;
So, forsooth, the saying ran;
One could never get away.

Still there was a something more,
Luring people to their door;
Something but the liberal store;
Mrs. Gray was trim and neat,
And in house-wifery complete,
From the garret to the floor,

And her cloth was always white;
And her bread was always light;
More than all, her face was bright;
No complaint, or bitter word
In that family was heard,
From the morning till the night.

Thus the years flitted away,
Years that will for nothing stay;
And left their mark on Farmer Gray.
Dull his steps grew, and apace,
The lines were gathering in his face;
Even his locks were getting gray.

The mistress saw her youth depart,
But not with it her cheerful heart;
For that was of her life a part,
And Edwin thought her just the same
As when a blushing bride she came
To share his cottage and his heart.

Now their noble-hearted boys,
And their girls with fun and noise,
Gave them ever new-born joys;
Sent the blood flowing anew,
All the different channels through,
Life prolonging with new joys.

And instead of Farmer Gray,
Young folks now began to say,
"God bless Aunt and Uncle Gray;
Bless them for the good they've done;
Bless them for the good to come;
Bless them all along the way."

But old Time in creeping past,
O'er their home his shadow cast;
Bade them follow him at last.
So the chronicles portray
How the old folks passed away;
Loved and loving to the last.

In the grave-yard on the hill,
Where the evening dews distill,
Every tiny cup to fill,
They are resting side by side,
As in life they did abide,
Working out the Father's will.

And if you should pass that way,
You would hear the people say,
On that hill lived Uncle Gray;
And they'd tell you something more,
"Those who left his friendly door,
Went not empty on their way."

And perhaps the tears would flow,
When in speaking, soft and low
Of the old house long ago;
Of the changes years unfold,
Old folks gone, and young folks old,
Hasting to the vale below.

But I'll put my harp away,
Close the book and softly say,
Good-bye, Aunt and Uncle Gray!
If one heart has felt with me,
Through my tender minstrelsy,
Not in vain this humble lay.

THE MUSIC OF THE WATERS.

O, say can you remember
A melody so sweet,
As the music of the waters
When they leap, and laugh and meet?
As down the valley flowing;
Methinks I hear it yet;
And the dreams those notes engendered
I never can forget.

And is there in the spring-time
A joy that equals this?
The trembling, thrilling rapture
Of love's first bashful kiss?
Oh, were it but enduring;
Never to change or fade;
Then earth would be an Eden,
Green bower and sunny glade.

And is there in the summer,
When days are long and clear,
An hour so enchanting,
To manhood half so dear,
As the golden hours of twilight,
When turns the world to rest;
And worldly cares and turmoils
Are locked within the breast.

And in the glorious autumn,
When the yellow leaves are found
Like a carpet, soft and beautiful
Covering up the ground;
How pleasant then to ramble
The woodlands far and wide,
With some dear friend to cheer us,
To wander by our side.

Then when stern winter cometh,
The season cold and drear;
If burning bright the hearth fire,
We may have inward cheer.
So let us ever cherish
Something that's sweet to hold:
To warm the house we live in
When we are growing old.

RIENZA.

Oh maidens, ye light hearted maidens!
  Talking and laughing so gay,
Do you know what it is to be happy,
  As happy as I am to-day?
Do you know the sweet pleasure of loving
  Till your bosom with ecstasy burns?
Do you know the sweet pleasure of getting
  A heart full of love in return?

But yesterday e'en I went with you;
  I joined in your frolic and play;
But since then I've learnt a new lesson
  I am wiser than you are to day:
You may think I am a little conceited
  Because in my speech I'm so plain;
But when you have learned this new lesson,
  My boasting will not seem so vain.

If you'll listen I'll tell you the story:
  How it was I grew suddenly wise:
But one thing I never need tell you—
  Rienza has beautiful eyes;
You have all felt their wonderful glances;
  As flowers the sunshine and dew:
But I am the flower he has chosen,
  And so I am happier than you.

When homeward I turned me last evening,
The hour I am sure was not late;
But Rienza had gone on before me,
He was waiting for me at the gate;
He was waiting to tell me he loved me:
To ask if his love was returned:
And this, Oh my friends! is the lesson,
This is the lesson I've learned.

Such a heaven is dawning within me;
Such a thrill of unspeakable joy;
For I have my one faithful lover,
Rienza, my bonny brave boy:
I have sealed every word that was spoken;
Every look and expression so sweet;
I have treasured them up in my bosom,
And I feel that my life is complete,

Oh! maidens, ye light hearted maidens:
The day of appointment is near;
There before hymen's blest altar
Rienza and I will appear;
To be sealed before earth and heaven,
For a happy and virtuous life;
He is to be lover and husband,
And am to be true love and wife.

LITTLE DEEDS.

It was only a little sunbeam
But it parted a dismal cloud,
Which hung o'er the beautiful landscape
Like the gloom of a funeral shroud;
It was only a little sunbeam,
But it larger and brighter grew,
Till earth was covered all over,
With sunshine and glory too.

They were only gentle rain drops
But they fell on the thirsty earth;
The fields were all made redolent;
The birds were filled with mirth;
A song went up to the heavens;
For nature's great heart was filled;
And the pulse of all creation,
In one grand concert thrilled.

It was only an act of kindness,
Bestowed on a lowly one;
But the angel smiled when he saw it,
And wrote in the Book, well done:
It was only a look of sorrow,
But it fell on a child of sin,
The hungry bosom opened,
And a good thought glided in.

The heavens broke forth in rejoicing
Because of the good being done;
The great chorus everywhere sounded
A heaven on earth is begun:
The messengers of the Good Master,
Watches from the plains above,
Ended the grand sweet euphony,
Proclaiming Our God is Love.

THE EGO, OR IMMORTAL SELF.

Out from the mist of the long, long ago,
Sent for a purpose the Gods only know,
Down on the rim of time slowly I came
Bearing within me a slumbering flame;
A thought, an atom from the one great cause,
Subject to many and various laws,
Fixed and immutable;—thus we may see
What was, still is, and ever more shall be.—
No atom is lost; no matter how long
Traveling the rounds, from morning till morn;
Waking or sleeping, living or dying,
Treading the earth, amid the clouds flying,
That atom is still on its mission bound,
Climbing the circles round after round,
Till the last is won; a grand mystery!
Again "the dewdrop slips into the sea,"
The bosom of Love, only to remain
Till the Word is spoken, Go forth again!
Onward and onward, ever and ever,
But last in the Infinite, never, no never.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. ELECTA OUSLEY.

The Master came into His garden
One bright autumnal eve;
He found her by the pathway,
Resting among her sheaves;
He lovingly addressed her,
"Oh, good and faithful one!
Thy sheaves are all accepted
Thy earthly labors done.

"The burdens and the crosses,
The faithful ones must bear,
The sorrows and the losses
I watch with loving care;
Arise, my faithful daughter,
And come along with me,
To rest among the lillies,
In my garden o'er the sea."

"My lillies all are blooming,
In my garden over there;
The fragrance and perfuming
Are wafted everywhere;
Thy place has been selected,
Is ready now for thee;
In my garden 'mong the lillies,
Just o'er the bordering sea."

And then he gently touched her,
"'Tis time for you to leave;
No longer is it needful
To watch among the sheaves;
If others will be faithful
As thou has been for aye,
The garden will not suffer
Although thou art away."

So daughter, faithful daughter,
Just lay life's burden down,
And over 'mong the lillies
Receive thy well earned crown."
She heard the master speaking,
And said "I will obey,"
So folding up her garments,
She slowly went away.

KATE MALONE.

Kate was tall, and Kate was pretty,
Graceful as a willow tree;
I, was but a dark-eyed maiden,
Just as shy as I could be.

We had met one pleasant autumn,
Met as stranger often meet;
But the weeks we passed together
Ripened into friendship sweet.

She, an only child, was petted,
Though not spoiled as you might think,
And her heart sent forth its music,
Like a happy bob-o-link.

She had never known a sorrow;
Never known an hour unblest,
To disturb the laughing current
Ever rippling from her breast.

I had been a steady toiler,
Even, from my childhood years;
I had known a world of sorrow;
Shed my share of bitter tears.

Yet the hopes within my bosom,
Danced before me all the way;
And my heart, though often weary,
Sometimes grew supremely gay.

Strange it was, we liked each other;
I, her heart so fresh and glad;
And she often said that Susie,
Was the dearest friend she had.

But there was a comely Squire,
"Hal"—a jolly name you see;
And he'd been from early girlhood,
More than all the world to me.

He was gay, and he was witty,
Full of fun and frolic wild;
But his speech to me was gentle,
As a mother's for her child.

Yet no love-word had been spoken,
We had nothing sure to tell;
What! the need of spoken language,
When the eyes can speak as well?

Often, Kate about this Squire
Would proclaim, in playful mood,
She was sure the fates designed him
For her own admiring lord.

Ah, she little knew this bantering
All unmeaning, sent a dart
Quivering on each carleess sentence,
Deep into my trembling heart.

Thus the autumn days passed o'er us,
Days to memory ever sweet;
Parted we in full assurance,
Such good friends must often meet.

But the ways of fickle fortune
How can any one proclaim;—
Little thought we at that parting,
We would scarcely meet again,

Hal had roved for two long years
O'er the country to and fro;
Now the time for his returning
Made my heart strings tremble so.

E're he came, he met with Katie
And I've little more to say,
Only this, the same old story
He was lost to me that day.

Yet sometimes he'd look upon me
With the old familiar smile;
But I hid the pain it gave me
Deep within my heart, the while.

Then they told me, "Hal" had married
Kate Malone; a winsome wife;
So I sent my greeting to them;
Wishing them a happy life.

Only once we met a moment,
Hal and I, when years had flown;—
But I know he thinks of Susie
Sometimes now, when he's alone.

BESSIE GROVER.

The brooklet sparkled in the sun,
And rippled gaily down the valley;
The honey-clover o'er it hung,
And with the waters seemed to dally.

The little wavelets danced and leaped
O'er rocks and roots the hours beguiling;
And eddies curled, and eddies beat
The banks, so pleasant and so smiling.

And yet, the waters did not know
Their purling notes were so enthralling;
But echoes answered soft and low,
As if another stream was calling.

The breezes hastened from the hill,
And rustled through the blooming heather,
Joined in the chorus of the rill,
And both went on and sang together.

I reined my steed up for awhile,
To view the pretty landscape over;
And then I spied a little child
Fall fast asleep among the clover.

Her little arm pillowed her head;
Her hands were full of buds and flowers;
Ah! This must be a stray, I said,
Lost out this morn from Eden bowers.

The morning laughed, the morning smiled,
And brook and breeze made glad together;
But I stood gazing on the child,
Sleeping among the grass and heather.

I dared not touch the little fay,
For fear I might somewhat affright her;
Or waking, she might melt away
Into a cloud, or something brighter.

But while I gazed with mute surprise,
Upon the little beauty, sleeping;
She opened wide her laughing eyes,
And gave her hands into my keeping.

I raised her gently to caress;
Now, what's your name, my little deary?"
She answered quickly, "Little Bess,
And I am four years old, or nearly."
And brother is but two, I think,
Too young, you see, to get his flowers;
And so I ran down to the brink;
But I've been gone so many hours!

For ma'ma said you'd come to-day;
And I've looked t'other road all over;
And then, I thought I'd come this way
And wait a while among the clover.

Now, you're here, so let us go;
For baby's always crying for me;
And ma'ma says, she does not know
Which way to look, or where to call me.

But who is Bess? I gently said
And who is coming? little rover!
She laughing answered, Uncle Fred,
And Bess, is little Bessie Grover.

For six long years abroad I'd strayed;
And now I'd come to seek my sister;
For in the home where we had played
I could not stop, so much I missed her.

The morning laughed, the morning smiled;
And now my seeking was all over;
For I had found her angel child
Awaiting me among the clover.

OUTWARD BOUND

Outward bound! Outward bound!
On the waves we ride;
Then when winds are blowing free,
Let the hours pass merrily;
Hours happy, or alas!
Hours wretched when they're passed,
Drop into the tide.

Let us keep, let us keep
Just before the wind;
And our bark shall float along
Smoothly, as the soul of song;
When its mellow, mellow lay
Ushers in the blooming May;
May-day left behind.

Sturdy hearts we will bear
All along the way,
Floating down the stream of time,
Never cast a wish behind;
Though the far receding shore
We may visit nevermore;
Shore so bright and gay.

Should we meet raging storms,
We'll not be alarmed,
But upon the angry tide
Bravely on our bark shall ride,
Meekly bowing to the blast,
Till the storm has from us passed,
Leaving us unharmed.

Outward bound! outward bound!
Toward the setting sun;
Toward the happy, happy shore
In the somewhere, just before;
And the Master knoweth best
Where our little bark shall rest
When the voyage is done.

SUMMER'S COMING.

Summer's coming, summer's coming!
Hark! I hear her footsteps light,
Sunny hours, birds and flowers,
Apple blossoms, pink and white!

Golden dawnings, balmy mornings,
Sultry noonbeams, twilight clear,
O'er the hills and through the meadows,
Hark! her footsteps cometh near.

Waving grainfields, golden headed;
Bending, bowing with the wind;
Larks and linnets, sing it, sing it!
Happy happy summer time.

Youths and maidens, hear her footsteps
Softly press the tender grass;
Flowers spring along her pathway
While the summer time shall last.

Give her welcome, oh, ye people!
Welcome to the fields and bowers;
She's the one we love most dearly
Decking all our homes with flowers.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

The human heart a mystery is,
Fathomed by the Father only;
And into each must sometimes come
A feeling sad and lonely.

Encircled by a loving host
Of friends, most true and willing,
There still remains an empty place
Too pure for earthly filling.

No one can truly understand,
The feelings of another;
But each can lend a ready hand
To help a struggling brother.

It may be well sometimes to pause.
Life's pages backward turning;
By thus reviewing, we may find
Some lessons need relearning.

Though strange it seems, but who can tell
From whence the tide is flowing?
What shores, e're this, it broke upon,
And whither it is going.

And such is life; our work soon done
The toils and struggles o'er;
Just like the tide, it may be so,
We beat another shore.

AS WE SOW, SO SHALL WE REAP.

There's gold, pure gold in the mountain's side,
Though deep it may be hidden;
But mountains will not open wide,
To show their wealth unbidden;
And we must dig, if we would gain
Our share of earthly treasures;
Giving for what we would receive
Just measures, for just measures,

There's many a bloom by the dusty way
That greets our eyes with gladness;
And carols come from the thicket near
To chase away our sadness;
But we must turn to nature oft.
Be ready to receive her;
She is a teacher just and true
If we will but believe her.

There's many a rift in the somber cloud,
But we must look to find them;
And looking we may often see
The silvery shine that lines them;
No night soever black it be
But ends at last in morning;
And when the dark is most profound
'Tis said, we're near the dawning.

The purest gems that earth can yield
Are often passed unheeding;
While counterfeits in borrowed charms
Receive our warmest greeting;
But nature will demand her rights;
In her own time proclaiming,
The worth of beauty, pure and chaste,
All other beauties shaming.

We'll find her ever just and true
With goodness overflowing;
Ready to help both me and you,
But we must do the sowing,
And as we sow, so shall we reap
In storm or sunny weather
The useless tare, the needful wheat,
Or both growing together.

QUESTIONS.

Satisfied! Satisfied! the spirits yearnings
For sweet companionship with kindred minds;
The silent love which here meets no returnings,
The inspirations which no language finds.

Shall these be satisfied? The soul's vague longings;
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
Oh, what desires upon my soul come thronging,
So I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Shall I in that blest region never tire,
Never grow weary of the praise and song?
But as each anthem rises higher, higher,
Feel that in each, my soul is newly born?

Oh! spirits just! ye long, long dwellers there!
If it be true, that you can backward turn,
Give me some answer to this earnest prayer:
That I may wait in hope, in hoping learn
Yes, learn of what is good and great forever;
Good for good's sake, and great because its good;
Goodness and greatness goeth on together;
And will go on till more is understood.

REVERIES.

In the hush of the evening I ponder,
I dream of the pleasures of yore,
Till music floats out from the by-gones,
Entrancing my spirit once more:
And I stand in the hall of remembrance
And open the old oaken door.

I wander all over the mansion;
I see all the loved ones again,
And their faces are bright as the sunshine
That comes after showers of rain;
And I feel the warm grasp of their greeting,
I press their warm fingers again.

I ramble away through the meadows.
And down by the bubbling stream;
I seek out the place of the rushes,
And pull up a branch in my dreams;
And I make little baskets for berries,
And I fill them brimfull in my dreams.

Then out from the valley of springtime
I am marching along to the plain,
The flowers wake up at my footsteps—
They know I am coming again;
And my soul all the time maketh music,
Warbling a happy refrain.

Thus all the night long I am treading
The intricate pathway of years;
Picking up flowers that are fading
And sprinkling them over with tears;
Beautiful flowers that blossomed
Along the green pathway of years.

But alas! I come back to the real—
Come back to the present once more,
And take up the duty that's given,
And trudge on the same as before;
So be it easy or tiresome,
I trudge on the same as before.

O'er the rough road of the mortal,
Bearing my burden along,
Hearing the din of the voices
Which comes from the clamoring throng,
To mingle with nature's sweet music
Unceasingly all the day long.

Yet onward I go cheery hearted,
Leaving sweet pleasure behind;
For I know there's a mansion in glory,
And the Spirit says, "It shall be thine;"
A mansion The Father prepareth,
In a fairer and happier clime.

IN MEMORIA.

May, glorious May has come once more,
The very land with joy runs o'er,
But I sit silent in my door,
  Thinking of my lost Captain.
The early days when first we met,
Thy words, thy deed, I'd not forget,
They'e green and fresh in memory yet,
  And ever will be, Captain.

Alone, I muse upon the hours
We watched with pride the budding flowers,
Or wandered through the forest bowers,
  In pleasant concourse, Captain.
The flowers are blooming still the same,
The woodland bowers new beauties claim,
But I in sadness must remain,
  For thou has left me, Captain.

The morn still breaks in rosy light,
The noon-day beams are clear and bright,
And stars come out to cheer the night,
  But I am lonely Captain.
I sometimes pause, but never hear
Thy welcome footsteps drawing near;
Thy merry words no longer cheer
  The evening hours, Captain.

I cannot bid my sorrow flee,
I cannot turn my thoughts from thee,
For thou wert all the world to me,
  And thou art gone, my Captain,
And so my heart must ache and ache;
Or it may be, for pity's sake,
Allowed to beat, allowed to break,
  And end the struggle, Captain.

Thou wert composed of noble parts,
Quick conscience and a tender heart;
None ever thought thee to depart
  From honor's pathway, Captain.
And I, who knew thee best, could tell
Of works performed, alas, too well,
For which thou like a martyr fell,
  And left me lonely, Captain.

A sturdy oak tree, such wert thou,
The winds could break, but never bow,
But thou are lying lowly now,
  In the dark grave, Captain.
Brought down by Heaven's own decree,
Complete in works and purity;
There only now remains for me
  A sad sweet memory, Captain.

Still I shall go my weary way,
Bearing the burdens of the day:
And Heaven will be my shield and stay,
Till all is finished, Captain.
Yes, I shall still my course pursue.
Till all I have to say or do
Has been accomplished, just and true,
As thou woulds't have it, Captain.

And when grim death shall take the key,
Unlock this dull mortality;
And set the fluttering spirit free,
Then I shall join thee, Captain,
On the blessed shore beyond the tide,
In Paradise, to be thy bride;
To wander ever by thy side,
If Heaven wills it, Captain.

I'M STANDING ON THE SUMMIT.

I'm standing on the summit
  Looking far away
The morning lies behind me
  In the distant gray
Below the vale of twilight
  And on the other side
The land of Beulah stretches
  Before me far and wide.

Perhaps I well might tarry
  The pathway to review
E'er I take up my staff again
  The journey to pursue
Look backward for a moment
  'Twill do no harm I trow
Though morning buds and blossoms
  Were withered long ago.

Still, still I can recall them
  And in my memory clear
The joys of early girlhood
  One after one appear
Arising in the distance
  And here and there are seen
A group of little sorrows
  Springing up between.

'Tis not a fancy picture
I turn me to behold
But one engraved from real life
With touches deep and bold
And standing here as now I stand
I feel it in my breast
The Great Designer teaches well
And knoweth what is best.

Then trusting in the Master
I will pursue my way
Leaving the past behind me
To mingle with the gray
Go on to meet the future
That's opening to my sight
With heaven just before me
Beautiful and bright.

L. of C.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

The way of life is up and down,
But wherefore should we grumble?
Better to keep a cheerful heart,
Though we may sometimes stumble.

To scan the mountains and be faint
Because we stand before them;
This will not make them tumble down,
That we may not climb o'er them.

Better to keep on hopefully—
There may be little pleasures
Scattered along the rugged way,
Or unexpected treasures.

And we must climb if we would reach
The goal to which we're aiming;
Fruition cometh not to those
Who spend their time complaining.

The mountains towering to the skies
The deepest waters measure;
And souls that conquer most, enjoy
Fruition's greatest pleasure.

We need the discipline of life,
Or it had not been given;
To purify and fit us for
Our heritage in heaven.

THE MAIDEN'S SHROUD.

A maiden in the morning of life,
Sat down to her sewing one day;
Her hands went along with the work,
But her thoughts wandered out on the way;
And she saw in the valley of strife,
Along the same path she was going;
Instead of the roses of life,
Briars and brambles growing;
And she dropped a tear
Sighing, Oh, dear!

Still on went the fingers the same,
Backward and forward they flew,
While the thoughts wandered slowly away,
The briars and brambles through;
And a spirit appeared in her dream,
To stand in the pathway before her;
She fainted almost, but a smile
Of love and hope soon restored her,
But she dropped a tear
Sighing, O, dear!

The clock in the corner went on;
And so went the needle and thread;
Away went the thoughts of the maid,
And away went the spirit that led;
And it cried as it went, follow me

Through the vale where the briars are growing,
They'll tear but the flesh, and beyond
The fountain Castalia is flowing,
But she dropped a tear
Sighing, Oh, dear!

The sun traveled on to the West;
So traveled the hand o'er the seam;
And the spirit went cheering the way
Of the thoughts it would lead to the stream;
Take courage, take courage, I pray,
Thou know'st not how sweet is the water,
Or the pleasure awaiting thee there;
Then haste thee, Oh, haste thee, my daughter!
But she dropped a tear
Sighing, O, dear!

The curtain of day folded up,
So folded the hands on her breast.
The shroud was complete, and the dream,
And the poor little maiden at rest.
The spirit conducted her where
The Castalian waters were springing
The muses received her with joy
And crowned her with laurels, singing
Welcomn, welcoms, weary daughter!
Welcome to the fountain!
Drink thou of the sparkling water
Flowing from the mountain;
Never, never more shalt thou
Shed the bitter tear;
And in agony of heart
Sighing, say Oh, dear!

NOTHING NEW.

Nothing new! well, it may be so;
This world was made long time ago;
And ever since the early dawn,
Man's thinking-cap has been squarely on.

The brain gets tired; but the man
Behind, is doing all he can;
Through thick and thin, indoors or out,
To bring a new idea about.

Has thought, and thought, is thinking still
By some new plan to fill the bill;
By turning all things upside down;
And yet the new thing is not found.

The preacher says, nothing is new;
Let us reflect; can that be true?
There is no end, so runs the rhyme:
And God is working all the time.

Surely, the one Great God must be
So far beyond our capacity,
Even the wise have scarce begun
To learn the A B of the sun.

And every bright and twinkling star
Following its path, through space afar,
Must have cognitions ever new
To us, if we could find the cue.

But I will not string out my rhyme;
'Tis useless thus to spend the time;
I feel I've just commenced to grow;
In eons hence, much more I'll know.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

Oh, heavenly Power! grant me but this, I pray;
Sufficient strength for each returning day;
What'ere the day may bear;
Oh, fill my heart so full of good intent,
That not one thought of ill, by evil sent,
May find admittance there.

And though the way be rough and tiresome, too,
With each returning day my strength renew,
That I may steadfast be;
That naught may tempt my weary feet to stray,
Or turn a moment from the narrow way
That leadeth up to Thee.

And Father, if it be Thy blessed will
To cause this heart with heavenly love to thrill,
Inborn of saving grace;
Oh, grant that I may bear, where'er I go
Through light, throught darkness, and through weal and woe,
Thine impress on my face.

HEART MEMORIES.

There are dreams, bright dreams, which I cannot forget,
They are flitting like sunbeams o'er memory yet;
Though faded their brightness away with my youth,
They left for the future the impress of truth.
They are flitting, they are flitting o'er memory yet,
Those dreams, those bright dreams, which I cannot forget.

There are memories which haunt me, I cannot tell why,
They come to my mind from the stream murmuring by;
And each evening zephyr seems bearing to me
On its gentle bosom some sweet memory.
They haunt me, they haunt me, those memories yet,
They are down in my heart, and I cannot forget.

There are visions, bright visions, which come to me now,
Of the days when I plucked the first flowers for my brow;
Though transient their joys were, and fragile as they,
Their memories are garnered and will not decay.
They are coming, they are coming, those bright visions yet,
They are part of my life, and I cannot forget.

There are hopes, bright hopes, I once did regret
They cheated me so, but they're not banished yet,
Though now changed in features, and purer in hue,
The allurements they offer are lasting and true.
Those hopes, those bright hopes I can no more regret;
They will bear me to heaven when life's star shall set.

WAITING.

I wait, but know not why I wait;
I may go soon, I may go late;
Or others may pass on before,
And leave me waiting on the shore.

There was a time these weary eyes
Looked on the world with glad surprise;
And every flower which met their view
Impressed itself just as it grew.

Nature's sweet melodies then fell
Softly on ears that listened well;
And the glad heart caught the refrain,
Throbbed fast, and then grew calm again,

But years have come, and years have sped,
The early flowers have long been dead;
The dearest joys have been entombed;
The sweetet hopes have never bloomed.

But now, I fold my hands to rest,
No more with earthly cares opprest;
I'm waiting till the word shall be,
"Pass on! Thy spirit now is free!"

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